

THE PENALTY.

Continued from First Page.

time writing poetry for some friends he made in the prison, and some verses which he sent to his wife.

THE HANGMAN ARRIVES.
Joe Slagg, the hangman, arrived at the jail about 7 o'clock. He is a tall, well-built, clean-shaven man, with iron-gray hair and mustache. He inspected the gallows again, and remarked:

"I bet he will die easily on that."
Dorems saw him, but was not at all affected.

THE UNDERTAKER WAITING NEXT DOOR.
Meantime Undertaker James Ricardo was waiting in the Hackensack Hotel, adjoining the jail, for the murderer's body. His horse was in the stable and could easily have been seen by the prisoner from his cell window had he looked.

Mrs. Hannah Westervelt, an aunt of the murderer, had applied for permission to take the body away, and Sheriff Demarest granted the request.

At 8 o'clock the Rev. Dr. Walcott, of Englewood, drove up to the jail. A few minutes later Minister John C. Voorhis arrived. They went once to the condemned man's cell. He appeared glad to see them.

"Good-morning," he cried cheerily and shook them warmly by the hand.

THEY ALL PRAY.
They knelt at once with the doomed man and spent nearly an hour in prayer and exhortation.

Public Prosecutor A. D. Campbell, who conducted the trial against Dorems, was one of the last men who went in to see him.

It was the first time they had met since that day in the court-room, when Judge Dixon pronounced the awful sentence of death.

Dorems glanced quietly at the lawyer and then stepped up and shook hands with him. "I came to say good-by," said Mr. Campbell.

"The best of friends must part. Good-by," returned Dorems coolly. But Mr. Campbell hurried out. The murderer then continued his prayers until the arrival of the Sheriff and deputy, who came to take him to the gallows.

CALM ON HIS LAST NIGHT.
Dorems showed no fear. The Sheriff was the more disturbed.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Dec. 19.—"A man's to be hanged in there before we go to school again."

Fearfully, as if it was some grave secret, they whispered the information among themselves. And the group of young school-girls who had on their homeward way at dusk last evening gazed curiously at the green painted, old-fashioned Bergen County Jail, in Hackensack, N. J., where John Myers Dorems ended his life on the gallows this morning.

The wind was rising and seemed to carry the whisper to every nook and corner of the quaint old town. Every townsman, and towns-woman, too, thought of nothing but "Dorems will be hanged to-morrow."

The grim shadow of death spread its wings over all and made its presence felt. The murderer apparently cared less for its rapid approach than any one else in the town. He passed up and down the broad corridor of the female prison, arm in arm with his official advisers, Drs. Walcott and Voorhis, when Joe Slagg, the hangman, and his assistant began the erection of the gallows.

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women at parting. But the girl he gathered close to his breast and fondled, as if he would pour forth all the love of his heart for her to take away.

"Oh, papa, papa, good by, my papa," the little one said, as her mother took her hand and led her out.

The big door closed behind them, and they saw him next in his coffin this morning.

HE WRITES VERSES AND CHIEFS TOBACCO.
After they went away Dorems grew cheerful, full, calling for ink and paper. He wrote some verses. Then he asked old Mr. Demarest, one of the death-watch, for a chew of tobacco.

"I think I will go to bed early to night and get a good night's rest," he remarked.

Again he surprised them by asking:

"Do you think I will be able to go through it all right?"

"Certainly," they replied, and they meant it, for his nerve was something wonderful.

Afterwards his conversation mainly related to religious matters. I would not care to be married now," he said. "I have prepared myself for death, and am feeling some of God's mercy. I want to go before him."

John Conklin, the young man by whom Dorems was employed at the time he committed the horrible crime, called to see him about 7 p. m.

"Have you had your supper?" asked Mr. Conklin.

"All I cared for," he answered.

"What did you eat?"

"A raw egg in a cup of coffee and a piece of buttered bread."

"That is enough," said his visitor.

"I don't deserve anything to eat. I don't deserve a friend at all," he went on more bitterly. "But I have found a good, true friend."

"Who is it?"

"God Almighty," he answered, solemnly, pointing reverently upward, and he seemed perfectly resigned to his impending fate.

After Mr. Conklin left no other visitors were permitted to see the murderer.

He continued his walk up and down the corridor until nearly 10 o'clock. Occasionally he would drop on his knees and pray. He said little, but was evidently thinking much.

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A LOUD STAGE WHISPER.

IT SAYS THAT "NADY" WILL RETURN TO THE CASINO.

The Gilbert and Sullivan of "The Mikado" Not Reconciled Believed "The Yeomen of the Guard"—A Report of Separation that Pains Marie Walcott.

It is whispered in a decided stage whisper, that Gilbert and Sullivan's latest opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard," is up for its last weeks at the Casino, and that very soon after the holidays it will be withdrawn and "Nady" substituted in its place. It is not yet whispered who will be in the cast of "Nady," and no official announcement has yet been made of the revival of that opera.

"The Yeomen of the Guard" is still running at the Savoy Theatre, London, but in no city of the United States has it met with more than discreet toleration for "auld lang syne." The Gilbert and Sullivan of "The Mikado" are hardly recognized in the constructors of "The Yeomen of the Guard."

Francis Wilson will not be seen in New York until May 13. He closes his engagement with the Casino on the first week of May, at Brooklyn. He then sets to work rehearsing "The Oolah" for the Broadway Theatre.

Litigation ahead: Frank Daniels, the clever little gentleman of "Little Puck" renown, is accused of appropriating the rattle-dazzle song and "Drill, Ye Warriors, Drill," from "A Brass Monkey," by Hoyt and Thomas, while E. E. Rice alleges that Mr. Daniels has purloined from the "Pearl of Pekin" the song, "Three little chin-chin girls," which he has called "Three Little Orphanes."

Mr. Daniels is at present in San Francisco, but thanks to the United States postal service Messrs. Hoyt and Thomas and E. E. Rice think they can reach him.

"Myles Aroon," the new play written by Jessup and Townsend for N. J. Garden, will be produced for the first time in Philadelphia Christmas week. It will probably be introduced to metropolitan audiences in January at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Charles Frohman is superstitious. He intends to produce "She" in the towns where it achieved least success last season. Yesterday he received a telegram from Philadelphia saying that "She" had opened at the Walnut Street Theatre to a full house. He declined to believe it.

"She" had been butchered there last season, there having been a rival show of the same name. He sent a despatch to the management begging them not to trifle with his young affection, and received a reply in due course to the effect that \$1,147 was indeed the figure.

Gus Mortimer, manager of Louis James and Marie Walcott, was almost in tears yesterday when he heard a statement to the effect that James and Walcott were to separate next season. "It is not so," he said, struggling with his emotion. "They will play together as long as they live. It is true that Walcott has had two offers to be separately started, but she refused them both. She is hurt at the cruel announcement of her separation, and I can only comfort her by reminding her that equally harsh things are said of Booth and Barrett." Miss Walcott goes to Europe in April.

John A. Mackay's tour in Leonard Grover's new comedy drama, which has been rechristened "A Noble Son," begins under the direction of Ed. Berlin on Jan. 1 at Orange, N. J. Among the company engaged are the comedienne, Pauline Marlan, Marion Booth, Annie Deland, Samuel J. Brown and George Sprague, Julian Magnus business manager.

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Our Boys' Department in Ye Olde London Streete has been handsomely fitted for the special comfort of Ladies and Children. It is exclusive from our Men's Department, and is one of the largest and handsomest Boys' Departments in New York. Boys' Cape Overcoats, \$2.90, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.75 and \$7.50; regular price, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$15.00. LADIES are especially invited to inspect Ye Olde London Streete free of charge.

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Tens of thousands of magnificent WINTER SUITS will be sold at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. Never sold less than \$5.00, \$7.00, \$9.00 and \$12.00. Don't miss these wonderful bargains, and Ye Olde London Streete free of charge at the same time.

Ye Olde London Streete Building can be found at 728 and 730 Broadway. The interior is exactly the same as it was when 50 cents admission was charged. The houses of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin are well worth seeing. They are in the groups of the Old London Streets. The public welcome.

Our HAT DEPARTMENT must be sold out at any price. All our elegant MEN'S FINE DERBY HATS, sold at \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00, will be slaughtered at 50c, 60c, and \$1.20.

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BOTH STORES OPEN THIS WEEK TILL 10 P. M.

Very Simple. (From Punch.)

A Geographical Objection. (From Life.)

Enthusiastic Hubbitt (who has been showing unsympathetic views to the town)—What's the matter with Boston?

She—Nothing—only it's too far from New York.

Circumstances Alter Cases. (From Punch.)

Host—How do you like the wine?

Guest—Candidly it is the worst stuff I ever as yet. Who has been swindling you now?

"It can't be so bad as that. It is a present from a relative."

"Why didn't you say so before? As you say, it is really first-class. Circumstances alter cases—of wine."

There is a beautiful dress of white satin, profusely trimmed with the rarest lace. As she leaned indolently back in the regal magnificence of her sumptuous beauty the soft shimmer of the satin and the delicate form of her dress shone out like the silk lining of her opera cloak, which was of the palest green, she seemed a sea nymph or Aphrodite newly risen from the waves.

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